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repeats until a few threads are cut near the point, which serve as guides for the next, and so on till the screw is finished. This operation requires very great care. The tool must be

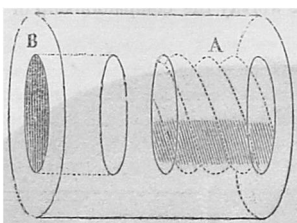


FIG. 13.—COMMON CHUCK.

firmly held, so as to prevent it getting out of the thread and spoiling the screw. But, though held firmly, the pressure must be light, especially when the screw is of any great length,

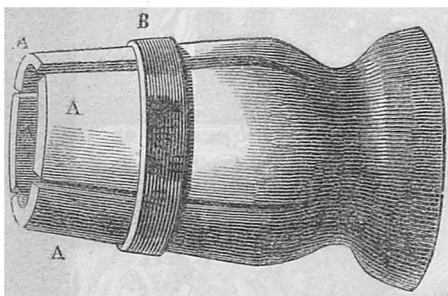


FIG. 14.—RING CHUCK.

or it will vary and become untrue. Screws are thus cut with extraordinary facility, but it requires a steady hand and considerable practice.

In the operation of turning a circular saw is very frequently used. This is especially the case with ivory turners. The saw is placed upon a spindle against a projecting collar, and held in its place by a washer and nut; the spindle is held between the mandril and front puppet, and over it is a small table, with a slit to allow the upper part of the saw to pass through; this table is mounted upon a frame fitted to the bed of the lathe in the same manner as the rest, and can be raised or lowered according to the depth that the saw is wanted to cut.

But one of the most important adjuncts to a lathe is the *slide rest*. When the tool is held in the hand it is subject to

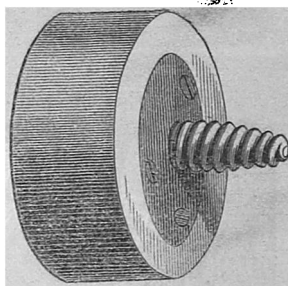


FIG. 15.—SCREW CHUCK.

any unsteadiness in the workman. To obviate this imperfection was a great desideratum: it was effected by the invention of the slide rest. The principle of the slide rest is, that the tool is fastened to a plate moved in the required direction by means of a screw, instead of being held in the hand.

We have thus briefly specified the tools employed in the process; in another paper we shall give some description of the process itself.

A FRUIT PIECE, BY LANCE.

THE next best thing to a country trip in this bright summer weather, is a stroll through the rooms of the Royal Academy. Outside, the hot sun is shining down upon the shadeless flagstones of Trafalgar-square; but follow the stream of ladies and gentlemen into the hall of the Academy, and you experience a change of climate immediately. In the streets you were oppressed with the heat; here, there is a delightful and refreshing coolness in the atmosphere, which is only equalled by the well-bred coolness of the gentleman who takes your two shillings for admission and catalogue. And so, feeling entirely a different kind of personage to him who, just now, stood and wearied on the payé outside, you pass at once into the great west room; and, assuming the air of a nonchalant, quiet connoisseur, begin to examine the pictures.

Beautiful, exquisite, refreshing! Sea pieces by Stanfield, in which the water is positively cool to look upon; landscapes by Cooper and Danby, with dark depths in the shady avenues that seem to invite repose and contemplation; forest scenes by Landseer, with "Children of the Mist"—as the painter chooses to call a herd of deer—flying over brake and brook; village scenes and domestic incidents by Frith and Webster; portraits, of fine ladies and gentlemen in drawing-room costume, by Mr. Secretary Knight; figures by Eastlake and Mulready, and flowers and fruit by Lance.

These last,—in a greater degree, perhaps, than any of the others—have a cool and pleasant look. How tempting the round ripe apples; how inviting the luscious grapes, both black and green; how exquisitely toothsome the rough mottled skin of the green fig! And then with what art the painter has introduced rich silver tankards and brightly painted porcelain ware, and dark carved woodwork into his picture; and how well the great green and red-dappled vine-leaf contrasts with the crimson velvet of the table-cover, and the hangings at the back; surely, Mr. Lance must be a great lover of fruit and flowers! For ourselves, we say unblushingly,

that we have quite a child's love for both—the only remnant of youth that, with most people, remains with them after thirty.

Mr. Lance is a little before the season, though; the flowers blossom in June, the fruits come in autumn. But no matter, we may enjoy the picture without anticipating the time when the grapes and the apples become ripe; and certainly without it suggesting to us that autumn is the afternoon of life as well as of the year,—for, thanks to the skill of scientific gardeners, and the properly-regulated temperature of hot-houses, we can obtain fruit all the year round! Not always do the delicious fruits which form the painter's models replace the faded flowers, for they exist while yet the yellow buttercups and pink-eyed daisies dot the fields. In Mr. Lance's pictures, as in an old orchard, "the mellow apple, whose golden brilliancy is heightened by rich streaks of purple, weighs down the branch that bears it; and the luscious pears and grapes, display their beauties and invite us to pluck them."

Who, gazing at the picture, does not wander, in fancy, far away into the green fields, and lie down lazily beneath brown old trees, humming over to himself that fine old ballad of Shakspeare's, which begins—

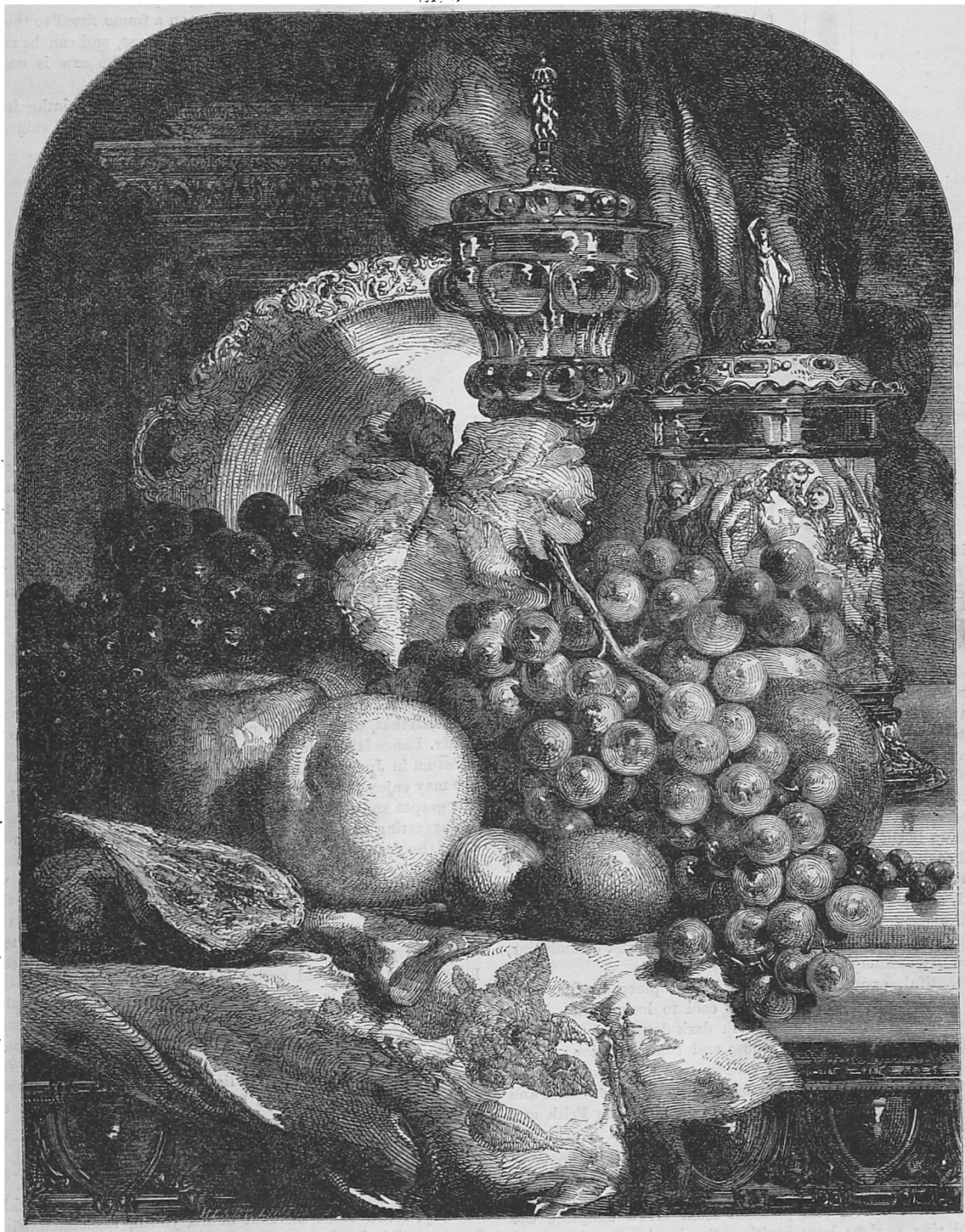
"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me?"

or, curbing his imagination, and trusting to his less fickle memory, recall some incident of his youth, associated with flowers and fruit? Some orchard frolic, in which fair girls and brown hearty boys—who are staid men and women now with girls and boys of their own, perhaps,—took joyous part? some happy winter meetings, in which those who shall meet no more on earth, sang songs together and made a merry noise, and gathered factitious fruit and artificial flowers from Christmas trees of green and gold?

In the exquisite design which the courtesy of the painter

has enabled us to present to our readers, all that grace and opulence of fancy for which Mr. Lance is so justly celebrated will be discovered. In works of this kind the artist, though he was for many years engaged in historical composition,

artistic creations. In his creative art is discovered the genius of the painter. Taking his materials from the most obvious and ordinary sources, he idealises and refines, till his finished productions are worthy the companionship of the more ambi-



FRUIT PIECE BY G. LANCE. DRAWN BY J. GILBERT, AND ENGRAVED BY H. LINTON.

stands unrivalled. He possesses the rare faculty of embodying the real with the poetical, and blending with representations of the products of the orchard and the hot-house, such ornamental and architectural adjuncts as serve to raise his compositions from the rank of mere copies of nature to real

tious art-specimens which hang upon the same walls. His flowers, indeed, have no perfume, and his fruits no flavour; but considered as works of art, they possess a higher value and more enduring interest than belongs to many pictures of greater pretensions.